Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my sight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonoril.

Gon. Who strucke my seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didst not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you sweet sway alow
Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage tearmes so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?
Duke. I set him there, but his owne disorders
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.
Lear. You; did you?
Reg. I pray you father being weake, seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and soiourne with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men dismist?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her:
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life afoote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter

To this detested groome.
Gon. At your choise sir.
Lear. Now I prethee daug
I will not trouble thee my ch
Wee'l no more meete, no mo
But yet thou art my flesh, my
Or rather a disease that lies w
Which I must needs call min
A plague sore, an imbossed c
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not
Let shame come when it wil
I do not bid the thunder-bea
Nor tell tales of thee to high
Mend when thou canst, be b
I can be patient, I can stay w
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether so sir
Nor am prouided for your fit
Giue eare to my sister, for th
That mingle reason with yo
Must be content to thinke y
But she knowes what she d
Lear. Is this well spoken
Reg. I dare auouch it sir, w
Is it not well? what should
Yea or so many, sith that bo
Speakes gainst so great a nu
Should many people vnder
Hold amity, tis hard, almost
Gon. Why might not you
From those that she cals ser
Reg. Why not my Lord
We could controle them; if
(For now I spie a danger) I
To bring but fiue and twent
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO